Wise Old Men of the Red Spotted Tribe That May Be Caught Through Their Anger After the Most Canning Lures Have Failed to Attract Trout in Icy Pools.

CRICAGO, June 30.-There are yet some places where the heavy foot of man has no hammered a path upon the earth's tender ace, where nature's green things grow in unfisturbed luxuriance. Across the glades, in sunlight and moonlight and black dark, the easts of the woods drift as silently as shadows, and the winds which move slowly among the branches bear not a taint of man's making Deep in the soil rest the yet unrotted roots of the primeval forest. The berries turn from green to red and then to purple angathered tave by the birds, and the fruits of the waste places drop to the ground unplucked. Thick grasses grow where the sun falls, but fo the most part the earth is covered only by tiny struggling blades, which win their way upward through the mold of drifted leaves. Stretching away in all directions between the giant boles are dim aisles, roofed by curving imbs, and no stranger ever saw them without being carried back in memory to some vas and faintly incensed cathedral, from whose faend the organ pealed solemnly. So thick! stand the trees, and so interlaced are their ientacles, that the sun reaches the ground only in patches of yellow brightness. I would seem a checkerboard done in black and gold but for the fact that as the breeze stirs the limbs the bright squares shift oddly to and fro. Near to the ground on the northern side of these great trees grow smooth green tufts of moss and from the southern sides of them, bound in rougher and hicker bark, spring the largest limbs. These Jotuns of the woods stood in full height and strength when the fighting Five Nations cam from the east to harry the fish eaters, and the stand to-day as guides to the lonely hunte who makes his way between them on the sharp deeply imprinted hoofmarks of the deer. The are of elin and beech and oak and pine but the stoutest of them all is the black hickory, which rises columnar and has in itheart the strength and springiness of Tolede steel. From the black hickory, when it is brought to the uses of man, come wagon spokes and tongues and shafts for golf clubs and all wooden things that are to be subjected to heavy, continuous and varied strains. No man has yet had the interior of his house finished in black hickory, polished but unstained because no man has yet been wise enough These woods, still unscarred by the axe, into whose shadows man comes but se dom, are thrilling now to the voices of a thousand birds returned from outing in the South. Far from the depths of some brake comes the wild and musical liquidity of the hermit thrush. The flute-like note of the veery thrush, a dweller in deep forests, answers it. The gurgling bubble of the golden-crowned wren, the finer song o its ruby-crowned cousin, the babel of catbirds biackbirds, robins, starlings, grossbeaks, tana gers and vircos rings as truly in the far north ern woods as in the meadowlands of the South when all this region is locked in the grip of ice It would seem that to the woods and glades of northern Wisconsin almost every variety of ou

Sung to by the birds, chattered at by th squirrels, mirroring the forms of deer, wolves foxes, welverines, badgers, always singing or murmuring itself, goes a broad and deep creek on its journey to the blue lake twenty mile away. It is forty yards wide here and there and in the East would be called a river. In the West, where everything "bulks big," it is sometimes belittled as a "branch." When i rattles over stony shallows it is not more than two feet in depth. On certain flat and rocky ledges this depth is reduced even to six inches and then it looks like a broad sheet of crysta moving so smoothly and evenly that it can not be seen to move at all. For the most part, however, its surface runs five feet above its bottom, and every mile or so it plunges into a circular pool, sometimes sixty feet across and of a depth unknown. These pools come always below a swift decline and have been worn by the action of the water through countless centuries. They seem blue in the half light that sifts through the trees They are smooth to the eye and apparently currentless, but on them awim round and round leaves and little bits of wood and drowned insects until they reach the lower edge of the circle and are borne away upon the hurrying ripples. Although it is semi dark above, the wonderful clearness of the water is shown by the fact that a spoon dropped down may be seen faintly glim mering twenty feet below the angler. very silent about them, save for a stendy hum of tiny life and the voices of the birds, so that the leap and splash of a trout may be heard a hundred yards away. They are rock-ribbed always, with precipitous banks; they are, in fact, vast bowls let into the earth. The edges of many of them are clear of underbrush and the limbs of the great trees do not often hang so low that a cast will be balked. In these pools are the homes of the old men of the redspotted tribe. The younger members of that famous family live in the racing creek proper, or hang about below the shallow falls, waiting for such things as Providence may send them There are brook trout, yes, in other parts of America, but they are not the brook trout of the northern Wisconsin pools. Each of these streams makes into Lake Superior, and the waters of Superior are so cold that no man may bathe in them even in August. Yet the tem perature of the abysmal wood pools is ten de grees below the temperature of the lake, and

tree-breeders comes in May and June.

that of all fish the brook trout is wisest. Perhaps pound for pound he has less muscle and less lung and heart capacity than the ouana-niche, but he has not less courage, and as for his brain, it is a big brain. On the Saguenay, when the foam is lying in half-acre patches above Isle Maligne and each patch is filled with flies, anybody can catch the ounantche. He simply goes on hour after hour striking in a frenzy of appetite. Seized by the tall and rudely shaken when he has been brought into the boat, a half pint of files will spill out of him. But the brook trout is not a glutton. He eats daintily and only such things as are to his liking. He will not throw himself into a half circle and immediately shoot back to the surface when he has missed a strike. He goes down even more deeply and lies sullenly thinking, his fins moving slowly to and fro and his broad tail as straight as an iron bar. Perhaps he will remain so for five minutes while the broken rays of light dance down to him through the surface, or perhaps he williremain so for all of the day. There is never any telling. It depends upon how he is feeling and upon the science of the man who wants him. If he has been scratched by the book ever so slightly it will pay the angler to reel in and tramp to the next pool. The old man has enough for that To great strength, great activity, great endurance and great beauty, the brook trout joins a singular ability to distinguish between tractive flea. One of them was a crazy combination of bright colors which had been worn should be made, but also of the fly that should be used at certain seasons, at certain hours and in certain weathers. It is a fish of moods beyond the certain ken of any man. On a glaring, still morning it will rise to nothing save a sober, dusty, brown thing which looks more like a dead leaf than an insect. On another glaring still morning it will rise only to combinations of blue, green, yellow and crimson oright enough to make the eyes ache. It will refuse all lures at 1930 A. M. There are days when a cast as light as the fleker of a maiden's everable worm at 1930 A. M. There are days when a cast as light as the fleker of a maiden's everable worm at 1930 A. M. There are days when a cast as light as the fleker of a maiden's everable worm at 1930 A. M. There are days when a possible worm and sportsman, who has emptied his flask, may ag on the bank and troll "How Would" to the south three strong the bright colors which had been worn then the bright colors which had been worn in the other which had been worn in the other who the hind of a most extraordinary gas-like luring anything anything anything anything and the other two were drab. Knowing thing anything anything anything anything anything anything anything and the other two were drab. Knowing thing anything srtifleial bait and something that is good to

Fishermen who fish as they should fish know

You Like to Be the Undertaker?" at the top of | see under this shelf with his waterglass, but he his pipe and hook fish after fish. With more beauty than most women, with more whims than any woman, with a weathercock of an appetite and a wonderfully discerning eye, the prook trout continues to be the puzzle and de aire of every flaherman who knows anything at all about his art.

In the armor which his cunning has thrown about him there is one crevice, and strange as it may seem, it has taken the anglers of this part of the world a full century to find it. Even now his weakness is known to only a few of hem; the discoverer, as all true fishermen should, has kept his find for himself and a few intimates. That weakness is temper. Three years ago a man in central Wisconsin named Taylor discovered that a brook trout of a certain age may be made to strike norsky through jest. tation when every known lure has failed. It Taylor's neighborhood, which is too far south there are no old man trout of the northern pools, but his method of working has been tried by two or three fishermen and it has proved a success. The fact that the fish must have long passed the adult age is proved by the further fact that not a young trout has yet been taken by this method. They are supposed to lack the necessary trascibility or courage, or whatever one may choose to call it. Taylor makes his captures in this way: Walking down the bank quietly or wading down the stream, as the case may be he selects a snot which he thinks is likely to contain trout of larger growth and therefore of longer years. He makes an apparently bungling cast, though there are few men more skilful. The fly strikes the water with a splash, floats downward for a foot or two nea to the lair of the supposed victim and is im mediately withdrawn. Again the hard cast is made and again the splash follows. This is repeated four, five, six or a dozen times. In the enthe result is almost certain to be a savage. swift rush, a strong, quick wrist movement and a half hour of battle, with a landed fish as large as they are apt to grow in the middle of the State. The theory is that the trout, who may not be hungry at all but is desirous of a nap, loses his temper when the annovance is repeated and merely sallies out to punish the intruder, just as a mother trout near her spawn will dash at the legs of a man who wades by her. That is the explanation Taylor gives of it, and no one can deny his success. At the same time it is rather sickening to those who have spent years in acquiring the proper delicacy of east to see a man throw a fly as if it were a brick and kill three fish to their one. A man able to land his fly within a vard circle at a distance of sixty feet and that so lightly that only a little ripple spreads away on the water's shining face can be brought to use the Taylor method with difficulty. It takes all the conceit out of him. and he is apt to declare that if the way to fish is to make as much disturbance as possible a dry goods clerk, with a cane pole and clothesline, ought to be able to give cards and spades to the oldest hand at the business. Taylor contends, however, that there is as much in know ing when and where to make the irritating casts as in knowing how to do it, so his method still has certain elements of science. On the deep pofish of the Lake Superior streams, the giant fellows, with spots of brightest reds and backs of darkest green, it has been found to work with efficacy. This is due to two facts: The fish are large and old and savage and the pool have been little visited. In time, it is believed. the adaptability of the brook trout will enable him to meet the changed conditions of attack. and when an angler essays to ruin him by arousing his temper he will remain snugly a the bottom of his pool and solemnly wink his

other eve. John S. Thomas, a broker and an angler of many years' experience, who has returned from a visit to the haunts of the brook trout in the Marquette neighborhood of Wisconsin, is a convert to the Taylor theory. His conversion was brought about by one of the old man trou who live in Sissawickon Brook, a stream which empties into Lake Superior forty miles west o the little Wisconsin city. It is a bold and rapid stream, which contains many pools of unknown depth, and the fact that trout of sur prising size and vigor were taken from it last season caused it to be visited by the Thomas party. They went into camp in a forest o spruce, hemlock and birch and fished steadily for a week. The fish taken averaged more than two pounds in weight, but, owing to the mildness of the weather or the time of the season r some other cause, not any of the larger ones could be induced to strike. They were tried successively with flies of many patterns, with spoons, with phantom minnows, with artificial frogs, with live and lively red-sided minnows, with live frogs, with the small green grasshoppers which are plentiful in the glades in June with butterflies, with miller-moths and ever with grubs and angleworms. It all came to the same thing in the end. They would not rise. This was the more tantalizing because in walking around the edges of the pools in the evening the fish could be seen to make an occasional leap at the hovering insects and as they rose clear of the water their great size made their capture worth six months of any angler's life. Thomas did succeed in getting a half-hearted strike one afternoon with a gray doctor which he east just where a narrow band f sunlight feil on the pool, but he failed to hook the fish and thereafter the surface of the water remained unbroken save for the faint circles made by the casting of the flies. For five afternoons he worked faithfully, exhausting three books of files in endeavors to tempt the trout. He was easting with delicacy, approaching his favorite pool with wary footsteps, mak

ing absolutely no noise, exercising the utmos

care that his shadow should not fall on the

water and in general carrying into effect every

maxim of troutfishing dinned into him sine

a boy and established by every experience of

the captured fish fought up from the depths his mature years.

feels to the hand as a bar of fee would feel.

Not content with torturing himself by thoughts of what he would do in certain con tingencies, he made him a water-glass by fastening a round piece of glass at the end of two feet of stovepipe. Jamming this into the water and looking through it, he could see the beautifully spotted giants swimming far down or loafing along the steep sides of the pools in dozens. He tried more than once to wake them up by letting down a hook baited with a worm or minnow and daugling the bait against their noses, but they either pushed it lazily naide or else finshed angrily twenty feet away whirled and lay still, gazing at it. Finally returning to camp one night, disheartened and weary of cudgelling his brain for some means of capturing the swimmers he come to regard as his personal enemies, his ompanions, who had contented themselve with trying for the smaller fry in the shallow parts of the creek and had caught many of them treated him to much chaff. One of them at last seeing that he bore it without complaining. in jesting fashion advised him to "try the Tay for racket," of which he had never heard and in which not one of them put any faith. Hav ing had it explained to him in detail, he prepared for the trial next day by selecting the shortest, stiffest and heaviest rod in the camp. a greenheart tool, six and one-half feet long weighing fourteen ounces, and designed for lake bass fishing. He put 400 feet of fifteen ply silk on a large automatic reel and took three of his most washed-out and least at tractive flies. One of them was a crazy com

thought that it might hide a monster or two and he selected the smooth surface above it as his casting point in the Taylor experiment This ledge was not more than ten yards from the creek's entrance, and there was always a alight swirl above it due to a small eddy which set along next to the bank. A leaf thrown into this eddy would float for an hour before com-

ing under the influence of the main sweep. The sun was not more than an hour from its setting, and already the stillness of dying day was settling on the woods, when he stood five vards back from the pool's edge and sent fifty feet of the line flying through the air-whiz: zip! splash! The smitten water sprang up in drops, which pattered back like rain, and the fly was dragged harshly back for a yard before being snatched from the pool. Again it sailed out, and, the line and leaders being wet, struck the surface with a louder splash than before Again it was drawn back and again the cast was made. Ten times this was repeated, the fly landing each time just above the outer edge of the hidden ledge. Then fell heavily down upon the eleventh east, there was a flash from the crystal-clear depths, a flash as if lightning had sprung from some murky cloud far down, and the reel began its song of high endeavor. Straight across the pool the line stretched, made a ball circle to the left, the automatic check taking up the sinck, and then dashed to the upper opening and sped up the stream. Thomas had clamped down his thumb hard on the whizzing cord and the stiff point of the rod was bent nearly into a semicircle, but the great fish did not seem to mind the strain. He tore up the stream until 350 feet of line was out and the man could see the bare motal gleaming under the lessening coils. It began to look like a run-out with a snap at the end of it, when suddenly, finding the water too shallow for his liking, the trout wheeled, leaned four feet into the air and started back to the pool. Thomas saw him clearly for a moment and, as he had sprung into a bar of sunlight which pierced the trees, could mark every glowing spot on his burnished sides. He said "Gosh Almighty:" and was glad that the reel was automatic. The fish came down with the speed of light, but there was little slack. As he struck the edge of the pool be leaped high again and shook his head savagely as if he were a dog, endeavoring to dislodge the hook Then he sounded, going down headforemost and as straight as a plummet. Thomas gave him the butt savagely for fear that he would get under the rock ledge and so cut the silk. He yielded to the strain when near the bottom and respneared on the further side of the pool, where fifteen minutes of startling gymnastics followed. Such was the strength and gameness of this trout that he left the water not less than ten times, and all that part of the pool in which he fought his death fight was churned to foam. He came up gasping within six feet of his conqueror after thirty-five minutes of warfare, made a final plunge for liberty, was within an acc of tearing the hook from his mouth, because his startled opponent met the rush a trifle too stiffly, and finally floated on his side, a defeated though splendld veteran. It was deep dusk in the woods when Thomas brought him to basket. The fish on the scales at camp weighed five pounds six ounces. His flesh was as firm as a nut and as sweet as a rose leaf. Before leaving the Sissawickon Thomas made three other captures from "Trouble" pool, taking them by the teasing method. The four fish averaged nearly five pounds each.

a bon constrictor he had just killed in the street not far from Bates's door. He had cut the reptile nearly in two with a large knife as was making its way down the sandy street Native hunters sometimes capture boa conatrictors alive in the forests near Para.

A little later Bates was near coming into collision with a boa constrictor. He had just entered a little thicket to capture an insect when he heard a rushing noise and thought a squalt was coming. It proved, however, to be one of these normous snakes coming down a slope and making the dry twigs crack with its weight as it moved over them. Bates said he knew there was no danger, and so he kept his ground. When the reptile saw him it suddenly turned and glided at a faster rate down the path. Boyd wished to note its size and coloring, and so set out after it, but the reptile moved so fast he was unable to get near enough for his purpose. There was little of the serpentine notion. The rapidly moving and shining body looked like a stream of brown liquid flowing over the thick hed of fallen leaves rather than

like a serpent of varied colors.

In the wildernesses, where the Brazilians plant caeao, the collecting of the fruit is often dangerous from the number of poisonous snakes that frequent these places. The anaonda is by far the most dangerous of Amazon reptiles. It does not hesitate sometimes to attack buman beings, and it often haunts the neighborhood of the settlements in order to get ducks and fowls, of which it is very fond. It lives in the water a great deal of the time. A naturalist wrote a while ago of one of these snakes that had been despoiling the hen coops along the river. Two parties of young men started in canoes to find the creature. They searched all the little inlets on both sides of the Amazon, and at last discovered the object of their search sunning itself on a log at the nouth of a middy stream. They killed it with harpoons. It was not a very large specimen neasuring only eighteen feet nine inches and sixteen inches in circumference at the widest

part of its body. One day a native killed an anneonda without any weapon just as the creature was about to make a meal of his 10-year-old son. As the lad was playing in the water the creature crept and was playing in the water the creature crept upon bim, and had involved him in its coils before it was perceived. The boy screamed for isle, and as the natural was drawing the coils ighter the frantic father rushed to the spot, edged the anneonda boidly by the head and once its laws assimiler. This formidable serient grows to an enormous size and lives to a great age. Specimens have been killed measuring for 'x-two feet in length.

## Like a Tiny Battleship.

From the Detroit Journal.

POINT OF A LOON STORY.

P. GRISWOLD UNRAFELS ONE OF NA-TURE'S MYSTERIES.

But There Have Been Strained Relation Between Him and the Cheese King Since He Showed the Remarkable Thing About a Bear, a Pirate's Pistol and a Loon. HAMMONDSPORT, N. Y., June 24 .- "Maybe it ain't, but I am !"

This was spoken with fine scorn by Charles Champlin, the Cheese King. It was spoken to Packey Griswold, formerly instructor to the Hammondsport Try-to-Catch-Black-Bass Club. now keeper of a place, and Bazor-back Hog Exterminator to the Wild Swap, Wild Goose and Wild Duck Club of Hyde county, North Carolina. It was spoken to Packey Gris. wold, and in Packey's place, right here in Hammondsport. While the speaking of has not exactly strained the relations between the Cheese King and Packey to the breaking point, the tension is great. Col. H. S. Stebbins, poet and erstwhile incidentally General Manager of the Bath and Hammondsport Railroad, who is now general managing a freight line away out in Scattle, has heard of it, and pours out the wail of his disturbed soul over it by telegram, sent collect, as follows:

Ob, but this news hurts me Like a neck with a boil on it! Settle that trouble, quick

Somebody dump oil on it! The way the Cheese King happened to say it was that Packey had then recently returned from Hyde county, whither his duties as Razor. back Hog Exterminator to the Wild Swan Wild Goose and Wild Duck Club had called and kept him some weeks, and, having brought home with him various swans, geene and ducks, and things, he gave a dinner at his place to the members of the Try-to-Catch-Black-Base Club, at which the savory loot of the Hyde county woods and waters was served. They were all present except the Poet Stebbins. which was a pity, for it was a great opportuni y lost to his genius, although it is rumored that when some one at the feast voiced the gen eral regret that the poet was not there to turn his muse loose Doc Moore said:

There never was a better opening for a muse than this. But how would a muse look to-morrow morning with her head packed

But this is only a rumor. Perhaps Doc Moore never said so.

Over the coffee Packey Griswold always has comething instructive to tell the club. club always expects it, and lays back and lights its pipe, closes its eyes, and waits for it. Particularly did the club expect something of the sort on this rare occasion. Nature is Packey's stronghold. Especially the mysteries of nature. He delights in unravelling them. If nature has any mysteries that she doesn't want unravelled, she had better not let Packey Griswold get on their trail. While down in Hyde county last winter, razor-back exterminating. Packey unravelled a mystery of nature, and he

Packey upravelled a mystery of nature, and he kept the telling of it for this occasion.

The age of loons, "and Packey, "has always been one of the greatest mysteries nature ever conjured up. It was never found out until this last season of mine down in Hyde county jet how long a loon's span o' lie might be. Knickerbocker fold me about the loon, but the main p int about it he hadn't as much as noticed. When I showed it to him it most knocked him dumb. Knickerbocker told me about the loon. Knickerbocker has lived down in Hyde county forty years and more, but he is a native of old Stooben. So you can know he's reliable.

In the fall of 1812.—

The club opened its eyes suddenly. Its pipe

ing method. The four fish averaged nearly five pounds each.

SNJKES FROM THE AMAZON.

A Cargo of Them Valued at \$50,000 Destined for the Pacis Exposition.

The Portuguese bark that in April left Parathe by a constraint of the Paris Exposition.

The Portuguese bark that in April left Parathe by a first proper of Brazil, with a cargo consisting entirely of snakes has landed them safely in Europe. The collection was gathered along the Amazon River, is valued at \$50,000 and the purpose is to exhibit the whole lot at the Paris Exposition next year. The snakes are owned by some French snake charmers, and it took several years to get them together. They include bon constrictors of the largest size.

The Amazon region is an ideal place for snake hunting, for the reptiles are very abundant. A great deal of work is required, however, to make a representative collection of this genus of the Amazon fauna, for different species often live far apart, and great care is necessary to secure the finest specimens without injury, either alive or for museum purposes. Some of the largest snakes are found very near the Atlantic. In the wet season serpents are very common in the neighborhood of Para. When the famous naturalist Bates made his visit to the Amazon a lamplighter woke him up early one morning in Para to show him a boa constrictor he had just killed in the street not far from Bates's door. He had cut but they don't seem to hanker after Hyde but they don't seem to hanker after Hyde but they don't seem to hanker after Hyde but but they don't seem to hanker after Hyde but they don't seem to hanker after Hyde. oons will, as this club knows from the loon hases it has had right here on Lake Kenky out they don't seem to hanker after Hyde

unty.
Knickerbocker had a flintiock pistol that Another the family as long as a sould remember. It had a long brass barrel, and carried a build and had a long brass barrel, and carried a build and had a long brass barrel, and carried a build and had a long brass barrel, and carried a build and had all the age to a pirate. It had a long brass barrel, and carried the long and there was a Northerner stayin three or four miles from his place, who was atuck on buyin old relies, and Knickerbocker thought if d be a good idee for him to take that old brass pistod over and see if he couldn't get up a deal with the chap. So he tied the pistod to him in a belt so it couldn't jolt around any, for he didn't know what it might do if it got a sudden par, and started to hunt up the Northern man that when the woods are was long in aloud how high a lager he ought to set on the pirate's pistod, when he heard a short ahead of him, and lockin up seen a log bear standin agi'm a tree and showin' its teeth and snappin its java. Hyde county bears, as a general thing, ain't got mich snap for em, and sort o' lay low durin' the day, nights bein' their foragin' time and pig-pons their favorte huntin places. Knickerbocker thought, o' course, that this was one of the usual snappin' course, that this was one of the usual snaps with the bear to drive it away. Hot, searches, thought, o' course, that the was one of the usual snaps, the bear had fight in him, and the snaps with the bear to drive it away. Hot, searches, thought, o' course, that this was one of the usual snaps, the bear had fight in him, and the usual snaps, the bear had fight in him, and the usual snaps with the bear to drive it away. Hot, searches, the seen he bear comin up the tree after him, the bear and when he tree as of quiet that he hadn't noticed that it was big enough bear snaps. The bear was down the bear had fight in him, and the tree was a town in the bear had fight in him, and the tree was the snaps which had the provides a snaps which and the provides had the lon

ture ever bragged on! It shows how old a loon can live to be, Knickerbooker! One of the greatest mysteries of nature is solved at last!! I said.

greatest mysteries of nature is solved at last." I said

"And Knickerboeker was just struck dumb. He hadn't stuffed the icon yet, and he gave me the skin as a reward for showin'him what the real and all-strikin' p'int was about that icon. I'm goin to stuff it myself and give it to this club, 'said Mr. Griswold.

The club hadn't had time to properly express its delight and thanks, when the manner of Charley Champlin, the Cheese King, worked on Packey's nerves, and he spoke up and said:

"Maybe you think that loon is too old for me to stuff, Mr. Champlin'"

"Oh, I don't know," said the Cheese King.
"Maybe it sin't, but I am."

Then he strode out of the place. While the relations between the Cheese King and Packey Griswold are not strained to the breaking point the tension is great, and the soul of the Poet Stebbins, in far off Sentile, is sorely troubled.

### EMBALMED TARANTUKAN More About the Ways of a Peculiar Wasp Found in Texas.

"The Texas man who told THE SUN abou the tarantula hawk recently," said another Fexas man, "didn't tell half enough about that heerful insect. You'll find it wherever there ire tarantulas, for it seems to owe the perpet nation of its kind to the presence of that king of spiders. In fact, it is known by the name of tarantula killer in Texas and other parts where he big spider has its habitat. The most pugnaclous birds of the air give the tarantula a wide perth, and the flercest beasts are content to leave him upmolested. In fact, the tarantule seems to defy the entire animal kingdom, with the exception of this giant wasp. The appearance of a hawk sailing over a barnyard will not cause more sudden or frantic scattering of prood of chickens to a place of safety than will the approach of a tarantula killer to a colon-

f these spiders. "It flies up leisurely, its wings sprend t helr full sweep, like a soaring bawk. The hiding of the tarantu'a does not worry the wasp a bit, for it has him marked down all

their full sweep, like a soaring bawk. The hiding of the tarantula does not worry the wasp a bif, for it has him marked down all right, and pounces upon him at once. The big, hairy, deadly spider has no terrors for the wasp. The quality of the wasp is sting is shown in a startling way by its effect on the tarantula, for, in five seconds after the killer has socked its stinger into the spider the tarantula has succumbed and is dragged forth by the wasp as a butcher would drag a dead pig out of the pen. But the strangest part of the quick knocking out of the spider by the wasp is that while the former will never enjoy the pleasure of life again, he is not dead. The poison the wasp injects into the tarantula does not kill him, but throws him into a trance, from which he will never awaken. The tarantula is actually embained alive, and if the subsequent processes the wasp has in store for him prove shortly in their working, as they sometimes do, the tarantula will remain in the dead and nilve condition ever afterward.

"Sometimes it hannens to suit the tarantunk lifer to dispose of him on the spot where the knocking out occurred, and leave him there to earry out the rest of the programme, but usually it carries the tarantula to some other part of the country, requently a mile distant, although the spider is many times the wasp's bulk and weight. When the big wasp has got the spider to the spot it has selected, it punctures its victim's body and lays an egg deep in the opening. The wasp then digs a hole in the ground and buries the tarantula. Sometimes it hides the spider is many times the wasp's bulk and weight. When the big wasp has got the spider for the spot it has selected, it punctures its victim's body and lays an egg deep in the opening. The wasp then digs a hole in the ground and buries the tarantula. Sometimes it hides the spider is a lifeting the region in the proper in the open in the open in a creat while the wasp segg will not hatch, but that doesn't change the condition of the tarantula's head there is

decrinity as the proverous decrinity as the proverous decrinity in the paralyzing sting to be suggracious there would be no living where it abounds. Fortunately the wasp's temper is good, and it never shows any inclination to resent the presence of man except when it has an embalmed tarantula in tow. Then it will show its displeasure if it is approached too closely. There is a tradition of a Mexican who was stung by one of these wasps on an occasion of that kind. He was stung in the neek. Paralysis of one side ensued, and he finally died."

## THE DOOR THAT OPENS.

#### Circumstances in Which the Sight of One May He Decidedly Uppleasant.

"Ever sit," said Mr. Goblinton, "late at right alone in a room, reading or studying, everybody gone to bed long ago, the house, the whole city, quiet, and see presently, across the table, on the other side of the room, a door opening slowly? That's a hair-raising experience. You don't know by what means the knowledge that it was opening was first con-

knowledge that it was opening was first conveved to you, but you see it now, orening slowly and steadily and silently, and you get up and grasp the chair in which you have been sitting, and stand up, with the table between you and him for further protection, and wait for him; but he doesn't come.

"Then you go around to the door; it is stooped now, and is standing dead. It yields with no resistance except that of its own weight when you open it wider, and helding to it you look around the door jamb into the half. Sience there, perfect and complete; no-hody there; those were ghostly fingers, if any, that timed the knob. And so you shut the door, securely, and go back to you reading.

"Presently you find the door ones again; but this time there is an air of vacancy about it, and now you realize what it all means. The back of the catchbolt, that you turn with a knob, is worn off a little, rounded, or the metal frame around the socket into which the bolt enters may be worn, or both. Or it may be the door it, so that only the lipend of the bolt catches in the socket, and has a constant tendency to work free; the slightest shaking or jarring starts it, and gradually it works itself clear of the socket; and then, if it happens to be bung just so, the door slowly opens.

"And there you are, and it is all very simple, "And there you are, and it is all very simple,

and then, if it happens to be hung just so, the door slowly opens.

"And there you are, and it is all very simple, when you come to know about it; but it's never alrogether agreeable; you never really get used to the door that opens."

### EGGS BETTER THAN EVER BEFORE More and More Care Taken to Have Them

in Good Shape for Market. Figgs were probably never before put into he market at retail in such good shape as they are nowadays. More and more producers are discovering that eggs uniformly handsome in opearance bring more than eggs of all sizes and clean and dirty mixed together, and are packing eggs accordingly; and quick, modern transportation brings eggs here fresh even trom tar-distant ionnts. While eggs, however, come better packed and tresher than ever, they are more carefully than ever inspected here, the highest grade eggs being separately cardied, or inspected, every one in a shipment. The eggs are gathered from many points, and the only way to know about them all with certainty is to examine them. A nest egg may have got in by accident. There may be in the lot some eggs that are dirty; these may be useful as goed as any, the dirty marks having been made perhans by a wet wing trailed over the egg; but one such egg would spoil the appearance of a whole layer in a box. Sometimes solid y themselves, at a less trice. The cracked eggs may be repacked in solid packages; they are sold for considerably less than the whole eggs, porbags at half price. There is some sale for cracked eggs to retail buyers, but they are mostly sold to bakers. acking eggs accordingly; and quick, modern

## SUICIDE OF A NEWFOUNDLAND.

#### Dewey Could Not Stand the Ridicule Caused by a Well-Meant Hair Cut.

A large Newfoundland dog named Dewey owned by a family in Brooklyn, is declared to have committed suicide. Owing to the warm weather that prevailed lately the head of the family had the dog's hair cut very short-so.

family had the dog's hair cut very short—so short, in fact, that his skin could be seen through what little hair remained. When the operation was completed a homelier dog could hardly be imagined. His large feet and head, in contrast with his long, lean legs and body, made a laughable appearance.

Before his hair was cut Dewer was the leader of all the dogs in the neighborhood, but after the chipping, the moment be saw one of his former chams, he would put his tail between his legs and sneak away as last as his tig feet and long legs could carry him. He appeared to be so assumed of himself that when any body looked at him he would bring him back.

The humiliation seemed to worry him so much that one night he was seen deliberately to lay himself down in front of a fast moving troller car, and before the motorman could chee's the speed of the car Dewey was dead.

Toby Passes Away Without Having Caught

the Longed-For Mossbunker. Toby is dead. This news will cause a shock o many fishermen of New York who go down to the Kills in boats. Few Aldermen or even political bosses could count so many warm personal friends as Toby. He lived to a rips old age, as dogs go. He was nearly twenty Tuesday evening when he laid himself down to take his long sleep.

For some time he was called the Captain, because he always sat up proudly in the stern of the boat of every fisherman who took him along. But if a school of mossbunkers appeared he would watch them closely, and when they came within what he considered striking distance, he would tump into the water, snap at them right and left and chase them with his head under water. Of course he never caught one, and it was many years before he became convinced that to capture a menhaden is something that no dog can do. Of late years he contented himself with cocking his ears and watching the bunkers as they swam around the boats. But he could eatch killies, and the way he used to do it amused many fishermen. was low he would trot out into the eel grass. find some pool teeming with killies, jump in, chase them into the mud and capture all he

He was a trick dog, too, although very little trouble was taken in his education. He would fetch, play the dude, carry a basket, a newspaper, or a written order to the grocer or the butcher Ed Fitzgerald, an old-time fisherman of the Kills, taught him to feed the ducks and chickens. The trick was simple enough Fitzgerald would just give him a piece of dry bread or an ear of corn and tell him to go feed the chickens. Toby would walk proudly toward the chickens, holding the tempting morsel well in view. The chickens would cluster around him, and Toby would put down

the food and watch the progress of the feast with the dignity of a master of ceremonies.

In appearance Toby was a queer-looking fellow. He was a cross between a French poodle and an Irish terrier, a dog of high degree. He was a sheggy and ragged tramp, with large brown eyes. He was a fond friend of children and a hard hater of cats.

About twelve warrange, a dog thieffell in love

brown eyes. He was a fond friend of children and a hard hater of cats.

About twelve years ago a dog thieffell in love with him and brought him to New York. For six weeks there was great grief in Gifford's. Toby was given up for lost. But one evening a deckhand on board a Staten Island ferryboat saw Toby coming on board when the boat was in the New York Slip. He knew the dog.

"Hello, Toby." said be.

Toby licked his hand and remained with him until the boat reached St George. Then he started off and boarded the trail, the right train, too. This was doubtless made easy for him from the fact that he had old friends among the brakemen and conductors. At Gifford's he jumped upon the platform and made fast time for home, where he received the warmest of welcomes. That exploit was duly recorded in The St yo on the following day.

Toby was buried privately. But his grave will be decorated with clam shells, and no doubt there will be memorial evenones in his honor in tifford's at the close of the fishing season.

### A Granite Shaft Over the Grave of No. 1 to

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 1, -On Tuesday next. the American Independence Day, there will be dedicated in old St. Mary's Cemetery at Pawtucket a granite shaft to mark the grave of Frank Byrne, the man suspected of being the head of the movement that led to the Phonix Park murders, who was known es No. 1. Byrne died a little more than five years ago, and his death was followed shortly by that of his devoted wife, Mary Byrne. Two ittle mounds of earth have up to this time alone marked their graves.

On May 5, 1882, occurred the murder in Phoenix Park, Dublin, of Lord Frederick Cavendish, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Under eerstary Thomas H. Burke. The Government lost no time in attempting to apprehend llyrne, who was at once suspected of complicity in the crime owing to his connection with Irish secret societies, but he was too quick for the police, and escaped to France with his wife. Both were arrested in Paris, but were subsequently released. Later Byrne and his wife came to this country and spent two years in New York. In 1800 they reached Providence, which was their home until the time of their death. Not long after Byrne and his wife came to this country an effort was made by the British Government to extradita them. Negotiations were opened with Secretary of State Freinghuysen during the administration of President Arthur. Mr. Freinghuysen came to the conclusion that the matter was without his purisifiction. Thereafter Mr. and Mrs. Byrne were allowed to live in peace, although always watched by detectives employed by the British Government.

In Providence Byrne was employed as shipping clerk in finaley's brewery for a considerable period. During the latter part of his life he supported his family, which was increased after he reached America by two children, a boy and a girl, by selling cigars. Six months before his death he was attacked by rheumatism and was incapacitated for work. His wife had previously been stricken by paralysis, which left her unable to help in the light with poverty, and the family was in straitened circumstances. But through all the remaining months of his life liyene refused offers of money and support which his friends urged him to accept, sending back a purse which had been left in his hands in the hope that he would look upon it rather as a debt which his fellow Irishmen owed him than a gift.

On Feb. 16, 1804, Byrne died at the Rhode Island Hospital in this city. Eight months later his wife followed him to the grave. The two children were taken in charge by Capt. Joseph Millen, mainter of the State House here. The daughfer is at present a resident of this city, wille the son is in a Cannellan college. reached Providence, which was their home

## A SAMOAN TEST OF FEALTY.

#### What Was Required of a Lover Who Courted a Maid of Another Faction. From the San Francism Chronicle.

The following gruesome though true story shows what a powerful lever family approval and tribal influence exerts upon the Samonn haracter. The story is vouched for in every detail: A certain young Samoan, the son of a chief,

who had renched that age when "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. became deeply enamored of the funco or bellbelonging to a neighboring village, between whose "talking man," fother of the taupo, and the suitor's family, there existed a bitter fond. The attachment was reciprocated, but, as is customary in such important matters as matrimony, the question of eligibility was duly sub-mitted to the alga [a-e-nat or family council, which promptly returned a verdict of "imposdible." instead, however, of accepting the deeree of his family and renouncing his inamo-

dible. Instead, however, of accepting the decree of his family and renotinging his inamorata the young man rebelled and declared he would wed his dusky sweethcart in sinte of all the code of Tan Samon and the trampels of familis and tribal disangeoul that could be imposed. The young girl also asserted her in dependence and scorn for the obstacles which were not in their way, and with the help of a few girl friends began crossaring her trousses of the mass and games trans, which brides in Samon affect.

The wedding day approached. The feeling between the rival villages ran high and before the arrival of the date fixed for the ceremony culminated in open hostilities. Over, who was reviled and taunted with being a traitor, and all the curses of endless generations of ancestors beaued upon, his devoted head; family influence combined to exert its every wife to treak the emaggement, but still he stood resolute. He was driven from house and village an outcast on the world and his property confiscated and divided.

The day came and the bride sat alone, descreted by her family, waiting for her faithful bridgeroom. The hours massed: he did not come. Suddenly a step was heard outside the link, where she anxionly waited, She rose of the feet of the horrified girl. She storaged and ricked it up, and then screaming and laughing she full upon the ground a manna.

It was the saverel heard of the faither, and hefore her stood her affianced husdand, stern relentless and cold as if turned to alone in his faither and the ordeal which had been given him of proving his flicity to tripe and family in order to be forgiven was the task he had instrumed a randy around her head, saging her family not proving his flicity to tripe and family in order to be segretal which had been given him of proving his flicity to tripe and family in order to be forgiven was the task he had inke the bride's own father and throwing it at her feet.

The slock was too great for the lock of wheels hike it bride a feet had been imposed sought and tound in war

# DEATH OF A FAMOUS FISHER DOG. | TIGER'S DOSE OF KNOCKOUT

PUT TO SLEEP BY A DINNER ON A POPPY-FED BEAR.

Odd Circumstances That Gave a Splendid Trophy to a Hunter in India Hears, Ants, and Other Creatures That Suffer from Dissipation in the Poppy Fields.

"There was a queer tiger kill in the Ghurbasa district some weeks ago." Sindholm of Labore, India, in a letter received by a friend in New York last week. " The brute was a fine one, ten feet long, with a perfeet skin, and there seemed every reason to think that he would give any number of hunt-ers an ugly tussle. But he fell, like a rice apple into a basket, to the single gan of the hupter who blundered upon him in the jung.c. It was a very odd chain of circumstances that brought the result of a dead tiger, instead of the mauled hunter who might reasonably have been expected to issue from such an encounter. The thing came about in this way: A civil-

ian named Martin, from Calcutta, who was shooting at Ghurbasa, was watching in a poppy field for a bear that was in the habit of coming there by night. Churbasa is at the westerly edge of the opium district, and the bears there in the ripening season of the poppies have a trick of cating the seeds in the pods. On this night, which was dark, Martin heard the bear among the poppies, but could not get a shot at him. After much waiting, in trying to get nearer the bear, he slarmed him, and the beast made off in the darkness into the jungle. The hunter was tempted to send a random shot after him. out refrained, luckily as it proved. The sounds of the animal's moving through the undergrowth had scarcely died away when there came to the hunter's ears the loud scream which the Indian bear gives when in great pain or peril, and with it the sound of a tiger's grunting roar. For a few minutes there were heard the voices of the two beasts in conflict, and when these sounds ended the hunter. not earing to investigate further at the time. for the tiger was evidently the victor, returned to the fieldkeeper's hut where he was staying during the hunt.

That the tiger should have attacked the hear even without provocation was not to be wondered at, for there is always ill will between these animals, and whenever they meet, unless the bear sees the tiger in time to take to a tree, a fight to the death is to be assumed. The tiger is usually the winner, and for the most part is content with killing the bear and leaving his remains to the ants and jackals, but if hungry he sometimes makes his dinner off him. Going out next morning to the scene of the battle of the night before-the bear's trail led plainly to it-Martin found about an eighth of a mile beyond the fleid, in the jungle. the bear's body partly devoured by the tiger. The condition of the ground about showed that there had been a lively fight while it lasted, and the tiger's tracks marked the direction he had taken after his dinner. The condition of the carcass and the tracks showed that the tiger taken after his dinner. The condition of the carcass and the tracks showed that the tiger had left the bear at least six hours before, and Martin had no idea that the animal could be anywhere in the vicinity. He sent one of the three natives with him back to a tank for water, and, waiting his return, smoked his pipe to the windward of the bear, taking no precautions whatever as to watching or keeping silence.

water, and, waiting his return, smoked his pipe to the windward of the bear taking no precautions whatever as to watching or keeping silence.

When the native come back with the water-chatty the hunter drank from it and then started to follow the tiger's trail, smoking his pipe as he went forward. He had not gone fifty paces before he came directly upon the tiger lying asleep in a little open space beneath an acacca tree. The brute was lying tumbleways as if he had lurched in walking and dropped in his tracks, and was sleeping the slumber of the Seven Sleepers rolled into one. So close was Martin upon the beast when he first saw him that with two more steps he could have touched him with his rifle, but the tiger did not rouse or move in the least from his place, and all the noises made by the party while nison the bear and in their advance had failed to disturb him. Indeed, but for his heavy breathing, the brute had all the appearance of a dead tiger.

"At sight of the tiger the natives scattered and took to trees, and Martin, a thorough sportsman and as plucky as they make them, made some active steps to the rear before stopping to investigate further. Then from behind a bunch of single grass he fired at the brute and missed a shot as easy as could be offered. At the report of the rifle the tiger jumped to his feet, stared wildly around and brought up, head on, with a bump against the trunk. This gave Martin a fair shot at his side, and he placed a bullet behind the shoulder. Though the wound would have proved morial the tiger was still active enough to have made trouble for a dozen hunters; but instead of charging at the smoke, as was to be expected under the circumstances, he whirled about and ronred and tore at the tree, and become and an interest and the boiled of the beging a splendid tiger so easily. By threatening them with his rifle her shoulder. The head on the bride to the series of the circumstances, he whirled about and ronred and tore at the tree, which she is the buncalow. With the heigh to the b

"Martin at first could scarcely realize his good fortune in bagging a splendid tiger so easily. By threatening them with his ridle he got the natives down from the trees, and with their help he skinned the beast and came back with the high to the bungalow. His explanation of the strange behavior of the figer was that the highest was dopey from feeding on the blood and tissue of the poppy-led hear. This theory seems quite reasonable, and it is corroborated by the testimony both of European hunters and shikaries-native tiger hunters—who say that the flesh of bears frequenting the poppy fields has a narcotic property which strongly affects any creature that feeds onem it. This is particularly the case with those dissipated hears which are believed to have contracted the hight of opium drankenness, which they satisfy in some manner in the poppy fields. Several relates have fold me of seeing kites and naskals made studdly grank from feeding on the careass of a bear killed in a poppy district, of there have observed bears in a state of glorious exhilitration or profound dopiness corresponding to the effects of onium eating allowing sand made and as substance, one of the same cause.

"It is from poppy honey that the bear most frequently, perhaps wholly, gets his dose of knockout. This insidous substance, one of the most subtle agents employed by things and gypess in reducing the stranger to the sommodent condition in which he may unresistingly be reduced or mardered, plays strange prants in the animal kingdom. The bees that collect it from the flowers often get to be confirmed onium debauchers, and pursue zigzag flights and fail by the wayside on their return homeward from the reduced to like mishaps, and bards and beasts that feed upon ants and hees get from these victims drooped in their way a dose of knockout which sometimes eaves them helidessly drunk—a reproach to their species and a pay to their enemies."

## NOW COMES A SNAKE TRUST.

### The Paradoxical Thousand-Legged Octopus Is Growing Another Tentacle

From the Rochester Bemoved and Chronicle. There have been reports every day for some time past of all kinds of trusts and combinations of commercial enterprises, but if rumors are true Rochester will seed have a trust anique in its character. A company is being organized for the purpose of raising rattle-snakes to extract from them their medicinal properties and cut them on the market in unimited quantities. One of the prime movers. for the organization of the company, of course, is "Rattleanake Pete" tiruber, whose reputa-

for the organization of the company, of course, is "Eattlesnake Pete" truther, whose reputation as a last master in the knowledge of all that partains to stakes of all descriptions is by no means limited by the boundaries of this city, or even this State.

Tete was approached vesterday on the subject of the "sanke trast. No one could be more serious in the project than he "Such accountants he sand, is under way and has every appearance of being a big sieces, for several yours back I have had not easy. For several yours back I have had not easy. For several yours haven you go to the battom of these calcurate offers they were willing to ray me a good price for the use of my name and athograph, but when it came to the nerits of the goods they stind seem to ever whether it contained any of the bading protection of the snake or lake water. The present company will be composed of business means to be several early and to be have in early July for the South and not only bring lack a goodly supply of rattles, but make arrangements berimpther shipments. We will fill up what you high early a farm for the taising and breeding of the snakes. It will no doubt be learned on the suburbs of Rechester, and it movedly will danking a snake farm in our locality will doubtless attract a good deal of aftention.

It is the intention of the company to put upon the market, not only the snake ship, which are she there times annually and their as said to possess great medicinal qualities.

It is also stated that within a short time there will be established a small sanutarium in this city for the treatment of gottle alone. The gottle care, which is effected by use of a live souke, has been handled with no small amount of success within the past few months, and se great is the demand on the part of patients that the sanitarium has become a positive